

DUTCH RULE IN JAVA.

How the Hollanders Successfully Manage a Distant Possession. (St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Holland has a colony at a greater distance from that country than the Philippine Islands are from the United States. Moreover, the colony is of about the same type as the Philippines. Consul Skinner at Marseilles has sent to the Department of State an interesting letter on the way the government of the Netherlands manage its far-off possessions. He writes:

"In view of the recent developments on land and sea, I deem it proper to communicate some observations made to me by a subject of the government of the Netherlands qualified to speak on the topic of the Dutch rule in the island of Java."

"This important possession came into the hands of Holland late in the seventeenth century, and, thanks to a wise and benign administration which, though only occupying only a small corner of Europe, has been able to number about 40,000,000. While the civil government of Java is conducted on principles of liberty, peace and progress, the net annual revenue of the colony may be stated at \$5,000,000 guineas, including the maintenance of an army of 20,000 men called into service to repress piracy and brigandage."

"The native population is densely ignorant and full of caste and religious prejudices. The effort of the government is to educate and elevate these people, without, however, outraging their racial instincts. To accomplish this end the Dutch government retains the native sultans and chiefs, supplies them with a gorgeous retinue, and surrounds them with every sign of pomp and power. Thus securing them upon otherwise precarious thrones, the paternal hand obtains in return faithful subservience, and the unconquered but all-powerful master of the situation rules without revolt, and at the same time sows the seeds of education and reform, which gradually ripen and bear fruit. My informant said:

"We Dutchmen in Java move like a drop of oil—very slowly, but all the time moving—and by and by, when something is accomplished, it has come about so gradually that nobody knows how it happened. We pay the native priests, we support a large native police force and we rule by the hands and mouths of the natives; but all the time we have our own people on guard, and no important move is made without our consent. Thus the people and their chiefs are contented and happy and we keep them so by maintaining a coalition more favorable than they could hope to maintain themselves."

"We encourage a healthy morale by permitting native and European soldiery to marry and live together in families, and we never send a Dutch official to the colonies unless he is endowed with qualities likely to improve the condition of things. All of our officials must work hard. The improved condition of the natives over their fellows elsewhere shows what can be done. Eventually the entire colony will be ripe for similar government."

"The profitable side of the accounts is traceable to the operations of the Netherlands Trading Company, which was only another name for the Dutch government. This government actually plants crops, manufactures and sells on lands held by the government. The government at the same time operates as a planter and merchant and its immense net income is the product of legitimate toil and enterprise and not of burdensome taxation. We succeed among strange people because we do more for them than they can do for themselves, and any other scheme of colonization is bound to fail."

CERVERA'S YANKEE LOVE.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—The interest which Admiral Cervera is said to be taking to effect the exchange of Junior Lieut. Hobson, United States navy, who was taken prisoner after sinking the Merrimack, recalls the time when, as a Lieutenant Commander, Cervera was naval attaché at the Spanish legation here nearly twenty-five years ago.

The young officer owed his position to

the fact that he was the nephew of the famous Admiral Topete, the most distinguished naval officer Spain has had in the last half century. His father was the richest wine merchant in Spain. For 200 years the house of Cervera has been dealing in wine, and Cervera was a handsome fellow then. He was rich, a bachelor, and his dinners were among the finest given by diplomats during the last century. Cervera was recalled and entered the cabinet of Alfonso XII. in November, 1885.

While here Cervera had a love affair that was much talked of at the time. He became desperately enamored of a charming young lady, the only child of one of the proudest and wealthiest men who ever sat in the Senate of the United States. She was not only a Senator's daughter, but as cold and proud as was her stately, aristocratic sire. Whether she smiled or frowned upon her picturesque, handsome Spanish lover cannot now be told.

In those days Cervera played the guitar with the grace of his race, and possessed an admirable light tenor voice. At an evening reception given by Mrs. Fish, wife of the secretary of state, Cervera was asked to sing. He complied by singing the attention of every one near upon his handsome, gazing at her in the most fervid manner, he made her a deep bow and burst into the passionate measures of the most sensational of Spanish love songs. This was too much for the girl, and she quietly got out of the room and left the house.

THOSE MORRO CASTLES.

How These Happened to Be So Many of Them in Cuba. (Cleveland Leader.)

Readers of war news must be struck by the number of "Morro Castles" which our forces have to deal. Havana's fort of that name is the best known building in Cuba. When Admiral Sampson went down to Porto Rico to shake up the Spaniards there the principal fortification he had to deal with was another Morro Castle. And now comes word of an attack by American warships on a third Morro Castle at Santiago de Cuba, the most important port in the southeastern part of the island. Some readers have probably wondered how it happened that no such castles were encountered at Matanzas, Cardenas and Cienfuegos.

The explanation is sufficient to show

why the name made familiar by Havana's picturesque old fort is appearing continually in the dispatches, and why it is necessary to discriminate between the various "Morro Castles" which figure in the news of the day.

MARKSMANSHIP

Has Always Been the Feature of the American Navy. (St. Louis Republic.)

The terrible losses sustained by the Spanish in the battle of Manila emphasize the awful tragedy of naval warfare. And still the risk of life does not seem greater relatively than in the days of wooden ships and hand to hand combats.

Take for example the battle of the Nile. In this battle the French lost 5,225 men and the British 895. In the battle of Trafalgar, the allied French and Spanish loss is estimated to have been between 6,000 and 7,000.

From the first, American gunners have ranked high. In the war of 1812 when the frigate Constitution engaged the British warship Guerriere, the former had only seven killed, while the latter had fifteen killed and sixty-three wounded. In the three battles fought by the Constitution there were only 62 killed and wounded, while the four opposing ships had 216 killed and wounded.

In commenting on the difference, the London Times of October 22, 1813, said: "The fact seems to be too clearly established that the Americans have some superior mode of firing, and we cannot be too anxiously employed in discovering to what circumstance that superiority is owing."

From that day to this, even Englishmen have feared the American naval gunner. It was marksmanship that brought each fearful havoc in the civil war. But now that the skill is turned against a common enemy, with all the superiority of modern equipment, the first great sea battle will witness immense destruction on ships which oppose themselves to American guns.

HORSES GO CRAZY.

During the Hot Weather in Camp at Tampa, Fla. (Chicago Chronicle.)

These long hot days of Southern sunshine dripping out of the cloudless skies are driving insane the army horses tethered in the treeless camps hereabouts.

This is a new difficulty to confront. The army veterinarians say it is an unusual thing. They say the species of insanity exhibited by these horses is attributed to the heat and the sand. All of the horses are not affected in this extraordinary manner. It is only those in the camps on the sand, which have no trees near and no shade whatever.

The symptoms of the insanity are restlessness, irritability and viciousness. The number of hours of sunshine in a day here are so many and all these hours the horses are forced to stand where the sunshine pelts them on the back of the head. Then the line sand carried in the air irritates the membranes of the nose, throat and lungs, and when the nerves of the poor horse give way he is accounted insane.

General Wheeler, commanding the cavalry corps, visited the camps exposed to the uninterrupted sunshine today and decided the only way to prevent the horses of the army here from becoming lunatics was to put them in shady places.

It does seem as though the person

Written by Colonel W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A., (prisoner of war at Camp Chase) a friend of a fellow prisoner who was engaged to be married to a Southern lady. She proved faithless to him. The letter arrived soon after his death, and was answered by Colonel Hawkins in the following lines:

Your letter came, but came too late, For Heaven had claimed its own; Ah, sudden change from prison bars To the Great White Throne. And yet, I think he would have stayed For one more day of pain, Could he have read these tardy lines Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady, Through so many a weary hour? Had you other lovers with you, In that stifled, dainty bower, Did others bow before your charms, And twine bright garlands there? And yet, I ween, in all the throng, His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were by me now As I draw the sheet aside, To see how pure the look he wore Awhile before he died. Yet the sorrow that you gave him Still has left its weary trace, And a weak and saintly sadness Dwells upon that pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me The Winter's cold to Spring." Ah! trust of thoughtless maiden's love, Thou art a bitter thing! For these valleys fair, in May, Once more with blossoms shall wave, The northern violets shall bow Upon his humble grave.

Your dose of scanty words has been But one more pang to bear, Though to the last he kissed with love, This tress of your soft hair. I did not put it where he said, For when the angels come, I would not have them find the sign Of falsehood in his tomb.

I've read your letters, and I know The wiles that you have wrought, To win that noble heart of his, And gained it; fearful thought! What lavish wealth men sometimes give.

For a trifle, light and small, What many forms are often held, In folly's flimsy thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now He's past your hope and fear; Still I wish that you could stand With me beside his bier. Still, I forgive you, Heaven knows For mercy you'll have need, Since God his awful judgment sends On each unworthy deed.

Tonight the cold wind whistles by, As I my vigils keep Within the prison dead house, where Few mourners come to weep. A rude, plank coffin holds him now, Yet death gives always grace, And I had rather see him thus, Than clasped in your embrace.

Tonight your rooms are very gay, With wit and wine and song; And you are smiling just as if You never did a wrong. Your hands, so fair, that none will think I pined these words of pain: Your skin, so white—would God your soul Were half so free of stain.

I'd rather be this dear, dear friend, Than you in all your glee, For you are held in grievous bonds, While he's forever free. Whom serve we in this life, we serve In that which is to come, He chose his way; you, yours; let God Pronounce the fitting doom.

—Camp Chase, December, 1864.

Why does the cook manage to ruin every dish when she starts in, so that out of the whole meal there isn't one decent thing to eat.

A woman's favorite novel is the one in which she thinks the heroine resembles her.

It is hard for a man under a cloud to see the silver lining.

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A VOYAGE.

(Written for the Richmond Dispatch.)

On a peaceful stream a boat is floating, At the helm is a little child; His tender heart is beating lightly, His youthful face one sunny smile.

On the banks the flowers blossom, And fill the air with sweet perfume; And the rippling water is always singing, To the child a soothing tune.

Thus he sails out on life, a river, His guileless soul so free from care; When all the world around is peaceful, And all the future seems so fair.

But soon the waves begin to rock him, Dark clouds dim the brilliant sky, And on his face they show their shadows, And cause a tear-drop in his eye.

And now the boat is on the ocean, Battling with the raging storm, And the little child who once was steering Has grown into a manly form.

He casts a wistful look behind him, To all the years when his life was free from care; When calm the waters were around him, And the future seemed so fair.

And he wonders why fate did not sink him, On that gently flowing tide, And save this trip across these billows, That scarce his little craft will ride.

But still he struggles bravely onward, Amid the billows surge and roar, Believing that beyond these waters He will find a peaceful shore.

And I see him ever look upward (Off being kissed by dash of spray), Steering by a star before him, For a country far away.

—HAKER LEE YOUNG, Newport News, Va.

TWO NATIONAL POLICIES.

History Shows which Has Been Followed by the United States. (Jacksonville Times-Union.)

A contemporary fearfully bids us "take heed how we lurch the United States upon the troubled seas of a British policy of acquisition. Let us heedfully examine the caution. What is the American policy? Is it one of contraction, or rest, or expansion?"

From Spain, in 1819, we acquired Florida, and she abandoned her claim to all the territory between the Rockies and the Pacific.

Texas was annexed in 1845. From Mexico, in 1848, we acquired the territory now embraced in the states of California, Nevada, parts of Colorado and Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. The Gadsden purchase of 1853 gave us that portion south of the Gila river.

In 1867 we purchased Alaska. Do not these various acquisitions outline the "American policy," which is now assumed to be one of rest or contraction?

Having taken or bought all we decently can on the continent, shall the policy be stopped by the waves of the sea, as if the American spirit died out of our breasts at the sight of blue water? Is it worse to annex Hawaii than Texas? Is it more dangerous to set up our flag on the Philippines than in Alaska?

Dewey does not think so, and we are glad to believe that he is a typical American.

A WOODEN POKER. One of the small things confided by a trained nurse is that to poke an open fire in the invalid's room a wooden stick makes less noise than the usual metal poker. This will ignite, perhaps, but may be promptly put out by thrusting into the ashes, and in some emergencies where the patient would otherwise be aroused from a much-needed sleep the knowledge of the stick poker is useful.

Of two evils it is best to choose neither.

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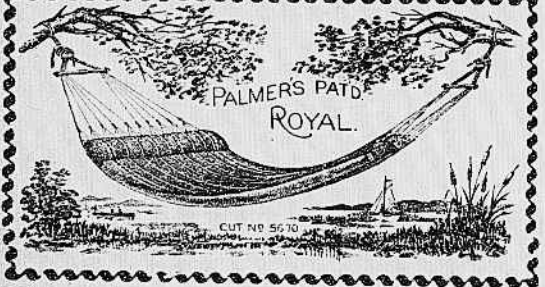
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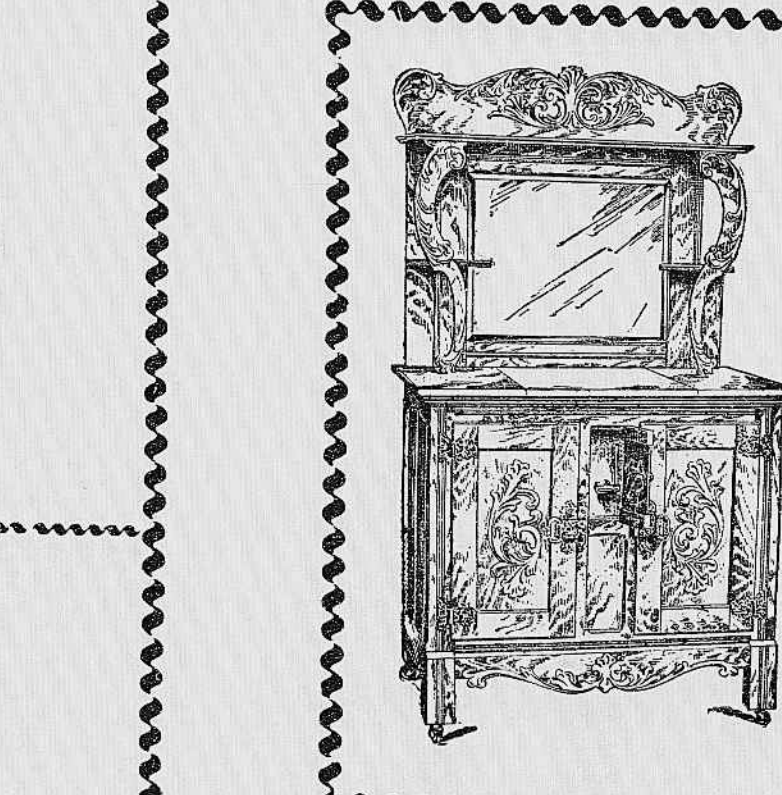
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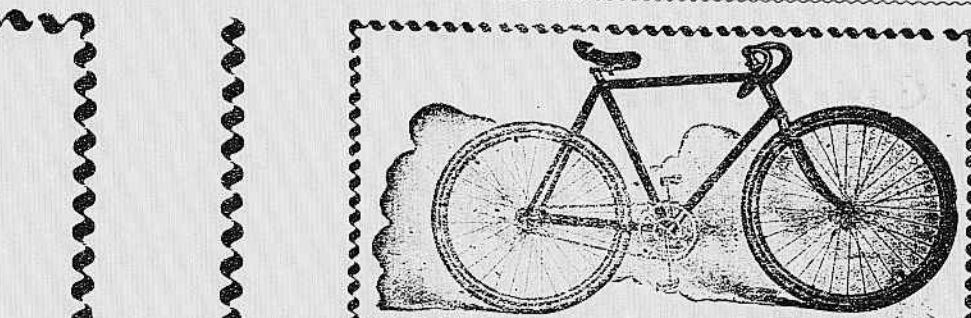


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are the best as well as the cheapest. Look at the prices:

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